

BARE LEGS THE RAGE AT APALACHICOLA, FLA.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME LXVII.—No. 952.
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HIS WIFE IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

QUEER REVENGE OF A TEXAS WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND HAD STRAYED.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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RICHARD K. FOX.

NOTICE.—THE POLICE GAZETTE employs no travelling agents or solicitors. Any one representing himself as such should be handed over to justice as an impostor and swindler.

THERE is no place in the world of sports for Dunraven.

THE temperance ladies of Dayton, O., have broken out again. Their latest feat is the grabbing of a glass of beer from the bar of one of the principal saloons.

THERE is always something interesting about an actress. For that reason the story of the cost of the little suppers which they delight in will be read with interest by budding Johnnies.

THE Minneapolis young man who was engaged to one girl, and who loved another, to her sorrow and the depletion of his bank account, is probably sorry for it now, even though he is passing through the first delirious stages of his honeymoon.

NO one will object to the latest fad of the Florida girls, for the simple reason that bathing suits are always acceptable additions to feminine wardrobe—from a man's point of view. The beauty of it all is that stockings are an unknown quantity.

IN the case of the Houston, Texas, woman whose adventure is illustrated on the first page of this issue, the question arises as to whether the cure isn't worse, or at least as bad, as the disease. But if the husband is satisfied, everyone else ought to be.

IT will be a good idea for the writ servers to keep away from Jones' Island, near Milwaukee, in the future. There are a lot of fishermen's wives there who refuse to have anything to do with the law in the shape of writs, as the last man who went there wished he had wings, so he could fly away before he got through with his business.

THE announcement that the report of the New York Yacht Club committee on the recent yachting controversy occupies no less than seven hundred pages of typewritten copy will be accepted by everybody as the very happiest possible solution of the difficulty. No human being in his senses is going to read seven hundred pages of a report of a yacht club committee. There is no one who would not cheerfully acquiesce in any result that the report might request than accept the fearful alternative of reading the document through. The decision of the committee will be accepted, no matter what it may be.

THAT supplement of the fighters last week went better than any of the previous ones, and illustrates to a marked degree the popularity of the GAZETTE. It is hardly necessary to talk about the demands the newsdealers made upon the issue, but it is quite proper and timely to say here that four-fifths of them repeated their orders within twenty-four hours. So great has been the demand, in fact, that it became necessary, in order to renew the supply and fill orders, to start upon a second edition, which is now ready. Orders sent in the coming week will be supplied promptly, but good things like colored supplements don't last forever.

ANYBODY with pessimistic notions regarding the staying qualities of the bicycle would have had them immeasurably altered by a visit to the cycle shows held in Chicago and more recently in New York. Ten years ago a bicyclist was as odd in the metropolis as a priest of Brahma parading the streets in full uniform. To-day bicycling is the universal sport. It is pursued winter and summer with equal ardor, thanks to our generous climate. The bicycle is as democratic as sunlight or muscular force. It is the powerful and successful agitator of good streets and good roads. It is an ally of fresh air. It is a missionary of physical culture. It appeals to rich and poor, to infancy and age. We can well afford to forgive it the bicycle gown. We can generously agree to overlook the bicycle face—though not the bloomer! The line must be drawn somewhere.

MASKS AND FACES.

What Little Suppers With Stage Ladies Cost Johnnies.

A GREAT RANGE IN PRICES.

Yvette Guilbert's Bill for Wine and Lunch Would Amount to \$14.25.

SHE TOPS THE WHOLE LIST.

There is always something interesting about the late lunch of an actress because it suggests so much to the average lay mind—so much, perhaps, that isn't true. A man who is interested in the profession has taken the pains to find out just what it would cost to take an actress out to lunch and he has made the result of his observations public. They are interesting from a financial standpoint and will serve as a guide to Johnnies who intend branching forth as "angels" at some period of their lives. In the matter of price Yvette Guilbert, whose salary is \$4,000 per week, heads the list. Of course she is frank enough to say that "one little egg" is quite enough for her when she is alone, but when it comes to "a good thing" the lunch bill would be \$14.25. It is but fair



She Alighted Like a Feather.

to say that more than half of that would go down the throat of the French songstress in the shape of champagne. Seven dollars and fifty cents worth of wine ought to put Yvette in her best mood, and I don't know but what the investment would be a paying one.

Bessie Clayton is a dancer of fame. She wears very short skirts and her dancing props, to wit, her legs, have been described as living poems. She is a very strong, vigorous young woman with a most lovely smile. The Johnnie whose invitation to a "little supper" she would accept must expect to pay \$13.80 for it. The agile Bessie would do most of the ordering from the back of the menu, and the wine check alone would amount to \$9.00. It strikes me that unless her friend helped her out bravely in disposing of the bottles that she must either be a young woman of great capacity or would have to go home in a cab.

Ada Dare is also a young woman who has made her hit in tights, for the very simple reason that her curves are of the kind that make aged gentlemen bring opera glasses. But she is modest. A quart bottle and a light lunch with a tip for the waiter, would leave her escort \$1.10 out of a \$10 bill. The pleasure of her company is worth that much of any man's money.

Miss Marie Studholme, who is known as the English beauty and whose smile could melt the brass buttons of a policeman's coat, would only be five cents easier. But she is away out of it for there is a "Mr. Marie Studholme" to be taken into consideration, and who would

probably object to this little supper business even if his wife didn't, and she probably would. So the Johnnies can, without further hesitation, strike her name off the list.

It is a disappointment to hear that \$8.60 would quench the thirst and satisfy the appetite of Theresa Vaughn. She really doesn't look it. Had I not been informed differently by the gentleman with the very large bump of curiosity, I should have said \$15 at least, but then appearances always were deceitful.

Miss Julia Nelson is not a very delicate young woman by any means, besides she is married, and if what she says is true, and there is every reason to believe it is, then the finest "angel" in the world would only be wasting time and stationery in trying to get her out to supper with him. When she was spoken to on this subject she said, "I could not think of ordering anything without my husband, but if I did"—note the qualification—"it would be something like this," and she thereupon wrote out a menu of oysters, squab and wine to the extent of \$8.25.

The bouncing Bessie Bellwood, whose repartee is world famous, has given herself completely away by this supper business, and I shouldn't be surprised if she were deluged with invitations after this is published. She cuts out wine and goes in for Bass' ale, believes in tipping the waiter about a shilling and in eating any little thing that comes along. Price, \$5.00. That seems to be about right and ought to be within the reach of a good many worthy young men who would

clever one, too, and although she is only eighteen years old she has gone through more hair-raising experiences than most men who have passed the meridian of life. Her last experience was at Gympie, Queensland, and it would have caused nine out of ten persons to stick very closely to mother earth forever, and ever afterwards. She made a balloon ascension, as she had promised. Just at the instant that the balloon was let go it swayed heavily about, and displacing the damper used for regulating the flame, caught fire as it shot into the air. Miss Millie, her sister, tried to seize her, but the intrepid young aeronaut would not be stayed, and she went up like a rocket.

But she did not come down like a stick. Hanging by her feet, she went nearly half a mile high, and then commenced to drift away from the river, from where she had started. At this stage the balloon, which at the start was noticed to be on fire, became a blazing mass, extending toward the parachute. Seeing the situation of affairs, there was intense excitement among the spectators.

The huge balloon descended literally one mass of flames, with the frail girl waving her handkerchief in the most fearless manner. No help was possible until the earth was reached. Down the balloon came, and was watched with intense anxiety until the intervening trees hid the spirited young lady and her blazing chariot from view. Long before this number of people were following her to give all the assistance possible, and she was extricated from the burning mass as soon as she touched the ground. On regaining a footing on the solid earth, in a most nonchalant manner she requested the bystanders to try and save her parachute. The balloon was utterly destroyed and the parachute badly damaged.

"Oh, it didn't amount to much, although the people screwed up a jolly row about it," she remarked in a curious Australian dialect. "I knew that the parachute would get me back all right, so what was the use of worrying? I have been ballooning for six years, and feel as much at home up in the air as I do down here. And the higher up I go the more I like it."

That was pretty cool for a young woman of eighteen.

There is every reason to believe that Miss Edythe Totten, actress, is rather glad than otherwise that Postmaster John C. Hopper, of the antique village of Cheesequake, N. J., seized, some time last fall, two trunks containing her stage wardrobe, etc., etc. The fact that she did not have suitable clothes to go on the stage with prevented her from securing what she thought was a pretty good engagement, so she brought suit against this postmaster of a town whom scarcely any one ever heard of before. The result was she got a verdict of \$100, which the Cheesequake, N. J., gentleman paid with reluctance.

The fact that Miss Loie Fuller, who made her reputation and enough money to keep her comfortably the rest of her life, is about to revisit America, brings to mind an incident of her life when she was a plain little soubrette. She was in Chicago at the time and she wanted to get with some good company and give her budding talent a chance to bloom. So she made up her mind to apply to John McCullough. The tragedian had

his headquarters in the Union Club, and there she went. The solemn visaged porter told the little actress that Mr. McCullough was not in just then, but if she would step into the waiting-room it could not be long before his arrival.

According to the large and elegant waiting-room tripped little Miss Loie and for a minute or so she sat demurely in one of the big leather chairs. There wasn't a soul around and it was awfully lonesome, when she spied a melancholy looking cat walking along the hall. She beckoned to the cat, and for fifteen minutes sitting on the floor of the waiting-room of that exclusive establishment, Loie Fuller played with that no longer melancholy cat. In the midst of the sport a form appeared in the doorway.

It was John McCullough. The actress jumped up, confused, and explained her mission to the tragedian.

"Come around to the theatre to-morrow night after the performance," he said, kindly. "If you do as charmingly on the boards," he added, laughingly, "as you do on the floor, I'll engage you."

The next night, when Miss Fuller went to the theatre, she heard that John McCullough had broken down. So it was she missed what might have been the great chance of her life. But perhaps after all, it turned out for the best, for she had made the hit of her life in that queer dance.

The very latest news from the "O'Hooligan's Masquerade" company is a story of a pitched battle behind the scenes of the theatre at Kankakee, Ill., between Kitty Raymoun, of the team Raymoun sisters, and Abbie Lanmeroux, a chorus girl. It isn't quite clear as to what caused the trouble, but the fact remains that the combat was a daisy while it lasted. The victor is Miss Raymoun, who seemed to have a very fine assortment of uppercuts up her sleeve for her opponent, which she delivered in a moral, scientific and effective manner, according to an eyewitness, upon the person of her adversary.

PRETTY FACES, PRETTY FORMS.
A Brev of Stage Beauties. Lillian Russell, Claude Revere, Ada Rehan, etc. In tights and costumes. Cabinet size, satin finished photos. 10 cents each; 3 for 25 cents. Send 2-cent stamp for list. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

A STARTLING STORY OF A GIRL.
Sacrificed to her lover's ambition. "Love's Sacrifice." NO. 8. FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Piquant illustrations. Price, 50 cents, from this office.

Miss Essie Viola, the young Australian who is at present in San Francisco, is a professional woman, although not an actress. She is a balloonist, and a

THEY WERE TRUE LOVERS.

But George Ross, Tailor, of Detroit, Neglected His Wife.

THEN CAME THE TROUBLE.

And the Girl He Loved was Hustled Back to Her Canadian Home.

THEY WILL MEET AGAIN, PERHAPS.

There is an old song sung by children, the first line of which goes: "Now you're married you must obey," and if George Ross, tailor, of Detroit, Mich., had only kept the words in mind, he might have avoided a heap of trouble. It doesn't make any difference where his tailor shop is, or where he lives with his wife. It is in Detroit, and that's enough. He would have been all right, perhaps, to this day had not Lizzie Fritze left her home in Goodrich, Ontario, to go to Detroit to look for work. That was a year and a half ago. Lizzie's sister used to work for Ross, but she wasn't good looking enough or magnetic enough to make the tailor's heart move one beat faster during the whole twenty-four hours, but when the handsome Lizzie arrived and took her sister's place, then things changed with a rush, and Ross fell captive to her many charms without even attempting to put up any kind of an argument. He wooed her furiously, and before many days had elapsed they were acting like a couple of cooling turtle doves who had been separated for years. They used to enjoy many sweet hours together, even in the shop, where Lizzie called for her work. They were together almost every evening, generally going over to Belle Isle to enjoy the breezes of the summer's night.

In those early days of their budding love, Lizzie had a furnished room on Cass street, but the couple used to meet on street corners or any other convenient place. Finally the tailor lover became more persistent, and nothing would do but a visit to Lizzie's room. There was his first bad break, where attention was attracted to him. The choice little rackets of the pair were brought to the notice of the landlord of the place, and he gave the young woman immediate notice to vacate. Incidentally he took advantage of the occasion to say some very hard things concerning her.

So it happened that the fair Ontario lassie hid herself to a place on Wayne street, where she could do as she pleased, and where she and her tailor lover spent many happy hours without giving a thought of the day of reckoning that was to come.

As for the neglected wife, she was watching and waiting. The seed of suspicion had been planted in her heart and while she had kept very quiet, yet she knew what was going on. So it happened that one night, not so very long ago, when he was out walking with her, Mrs. Ross, armed with a huge umbrella, glided through the shadows after him. At a certain corner she saw her George stop and the next minute he was joined by a plump-figured woman wrapped up warmly from head to foot. The pair exchanged convivial greetings and then walked on arm-in-arm. They wended their way slowly down the street and finally turned into a dark and lonely back street. Then Mrs. Ross gathered up her skirts and ran up to them. They turned as they heard the hurrying footsteps and face to face the wife, her unfaithful husband and his Canadian turtle dove met at last. There was a scream, an oath and a loud thrashing noise as the stout umbrella in Mrs. Ross' hands rained blow after blow on the heads of both man and woman. Lizzie ran as fast as her fright would let her. Mrs. Ross chased her until exhausted. George vanished in an opposite direction.

Of course, there was trouble when husband and wife met later at home, but the curtain is drawn over the scene that took place there.

George had, however, not learned his lesson, for he and Lizzie were just as loving and met just as frequently. Mrs. Ross was still on the rampage. And then one night she followed the pair and ascertained where Lizzie lived. She waited in anguish until the lovers had parted.

Then when her husband started for home she came out of her place of concealment and followed the Canadian beauty into the house and also into her room. Lizzie shrieked when she beheld Mrs. Ross' form in the doorway. The latter, however, let her shriek, closed the door and locked it. Lizzie, fearful of further chastisement, jumped into the bed, clothes, boots, hat and all and buried her face in the pillows. Mrs. Ross seized her by the hand to pull her out and made a discovery. It was that on the taper fingers of Lizzie's hand several rings, among them a diamond solitaire, glittered. These rings Mrs. Ross recognized as belonging to herself. They had been given her by her husband. She did not wear them as a rule but had hidden them in a drawer in her bedroom. Mrs. Ross snatched the rings off the frightened young woman's fingers, took her watch and smashed it to pieces, and then departed satisfied with her night's work.

And yet George and Lizzie had not learned their les-

son, the second one taught them by Mrs. Ross. They still met and they still loved. Each was infatuated with the other.

Opposition only warmed their love and it began blazing like the red hot coals in a furnace. Finally Lizzie's aunt was notified and she caused the arrest of the girl. In the police station where Lizzie was brought in was Mrs. Ross.

"What are you doing here?" the prisoner asked. "I have a right to be here," was the answer. "What are you going to do about it?" inquired Lizzie. "I'm going to stop you running with my husband," was the reply. Then Lizzie started those present by retorting in a defiant manner:

"You can't do it."

She was then locked up, weeping and wailing for George. The latter soon heard of the dilemma which his little turtle dove was in and he went at once to a lawyer. His action in Lizzie's case was quick for soon a writ of habeas corpus was sworn out on the ground that the young woman was not detained by virtue of any warrant. The Circuit Court granted the writ and Lizzie was set free. She flew to the arms of her waiting lover and for the nonce they were re-united.

But alas, the course of true and generally also illicit love does not run smooth. George and Lizzie, when they ran up against the aunt, ran up against a snag. They had not enjoyed the bliss of re-union for many hours before they were once more parted. This time Mrs. Buchanan, the aunt, herself took possession of Lizzie, made her pack her trunk, bought two tickets for Goodrich, Ont., and shook Detroit's snow and slush off the overshoes of herself and her companion. When George called at Lizzie's late abode and was told that she had gone to her home and mother he was frantic with grief and rage. But he was powerless to act.

Lizzie is now in Good-



Madly Tore the Rings from Her Fingers.

rich under her mother's eye. George is still in Detroit.

Both are unhappy and yearning for each other. Will Lizzie run away from home and rejoin her Detroit lover?

Will George get her here again or go to Goodrich? That's what people are guessing at just now.

FAMILY POISONED BY A CHILD.

Minnie Swager, a thirteen-year-old girl, of Altoona, Pa., who lived with her relatives, put rat poison in the coffee the other day. The result was that her uncle, William McGregor, died, and the rest of the family were taken seriously ill. She denied the crime at first but later, when she confessed, she was arrested and put in prison.

A REALISTIC STORY

Of modern life. "The Devil's Compact," NO. 4, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Graphically illustrated. Price, 50 cents, from this office.

THIS WEDDING WAITED.

Because the Groom Had to Settle With Another Girl's Father.

SHE HAD LOVED HIM, TOO.

How the Honeyed Words of a Minneapolis Youth Made Trouble Later.

HER FATHER BROUGHT HIM TO TIME.

This is the story of love, perfidy, marriage and other things which has startled the members of a well known Minneapolis club who attended the wedding of one of their

who lived in the young man's home and whom he had promised to wed.

But there came a large crash in the air castles built upon the Richmond visits of the sportive drummer when Mr. Allen saw in the columns of a Minneapolis paper that a marriage license had been issued to the charmer of his daughter.

He told the family about it, and later in the day Mabel informed her mother that she had trusted the smooth young drummer far too well, and that his marriage to another woman meant everything to her. When her father learned the state of affairs there was a scene, and the engineer started out after the betrayer.

He went at once to Minneapolis, but the wise youth had heard the mutterings of the coming storm, and when P. K. Allen got to the store he was not among those present. His father met the frate Allen, and the engineer told him in a very plain English and mostly in words of one syllable, that there might be no mistake, that if there was not a settlement in cash the groom would be arrested at the altar, torn from his weeping bride and thrown into jail on a charge well calculated to embarrass the average bridegroom.

The old man promised to deliver the message to his son, and P. K. Allen returned to where his wife and daughter had taken rooms until the matter had been fixed up.

When Allen was gone the youth came out of his hole and sent a hurried message to his attorney. And later, when he had detailed his story to the attorney, he was told that the best thing to be done was to settle, no matter what the price might be.

"You cannot afford to be arrested at your wedding," said the lawyer. "You will have to pay up."

So Mabel Allen and her father and mother were sent for in hot haste, as time was growing short. The wedding was set for 6:30 o'clock and it was then after noon. Soon to the lawyer's office they came, and when he asked them how much they wanted Mr. Allen intimated that \$350 would be about the proper figure. A release was drawn up, assigning all claims against the drummer in consideration of \$350, and it was signed by Mabel and her father and mother. Then, with a great sigh, the groom-to-be drew out his check-book and wrote out the check which made him a free man. A few minutes later P. K. Allen had the \$350, and then they all went away, the young man with his release and Mabel with her money.

And so a public scandal was avoided.

BOWLERS IN ACTION.

Champions Striving to Win the "Police Gazette" Trophy.

New York bowling circles are in the throes of excitement over the now pending tournament under the auspices of the United Bowling Clubs, which began at the Grand Saloons, on the Bowery, last Monday night. Already more than 200 teams are entered in the competition, and probably double that number will be enrolled before the entry list is closed. Among the prominent clubs already represented are the Eureka of Orange, N. J.; Liberty of Astoria; Two-by-Twelve of Newark; Albions of Paterson, N. J.; Spartans (two teams); Glendale (two teams); Fidelia (three teams); Rosedale (two teams); Gotham (two teams); Empire (three teams); Oriental (three teams); Orchard (three teams); Echo (two teams); Civil Service (three teams); Golden Rod (two teams); Eleventh Ward (two teams); Acme (two teams); Helmsbund (two teams); New York City Scheutzen (two teams); Hufstiger (two teams); Owl (two teams); Triple X (two teams); Linden Groves (two teams); Reform (two teams); Mucker (two teams); and others.

The team bowling, however, will not be the only feature. The bowling committee, Joseph Wingenfeld, B. Schneider and R. Gramer, has decided to add individual contests to the tourney, which will be held every night. The R. K. Fox gold medal emblematic of the ten-pin headpin championship, will go to the bowler holding the six best tickets at the close of the tourney. A great deal of interest is centered in this event.

All clubs should avail themselves of the opportunity to enter teams. The game to be rolled is far more difficult than the now famous American game, as a keen eye and a steady arm are required to find the head, or front pin, twelve times in succession.

HAS IT FRAMED.

J. E. ROGERS,
Fine Cigars and Tobacco,
176 Seneca Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1896.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: POLICE GAZETTE No. 961 just received with the colored supplements, one of which I have framed and is now hanging up in the store. It attracts a great deal of attention and is certainly a daisy. I expect a great big sale of this issue. It certainly deserves it as the supplement is the most artistic one I ever saw. Very truly yours,

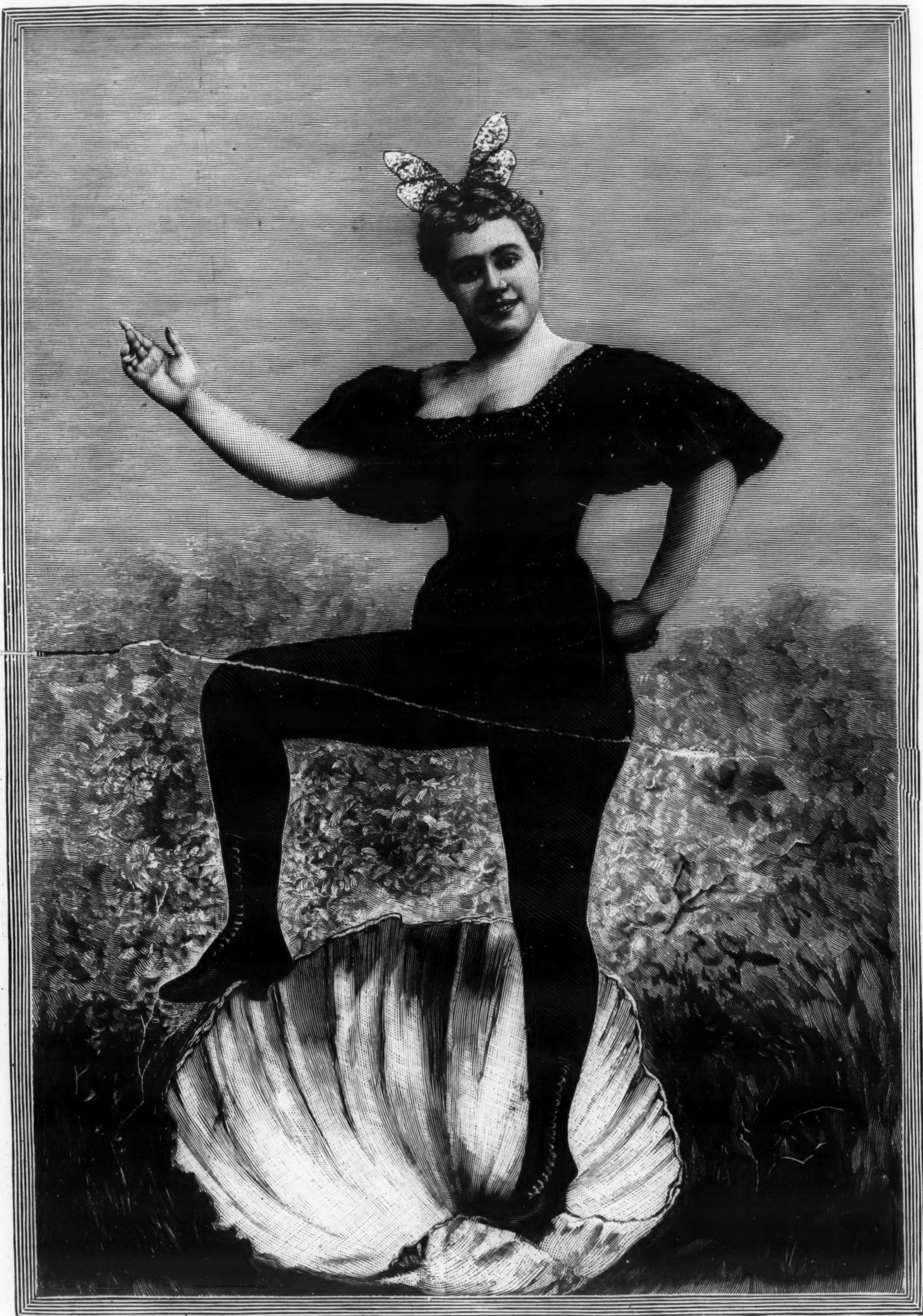
J. E. ROGERS.

GRABBED THE GLASS OF BEER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

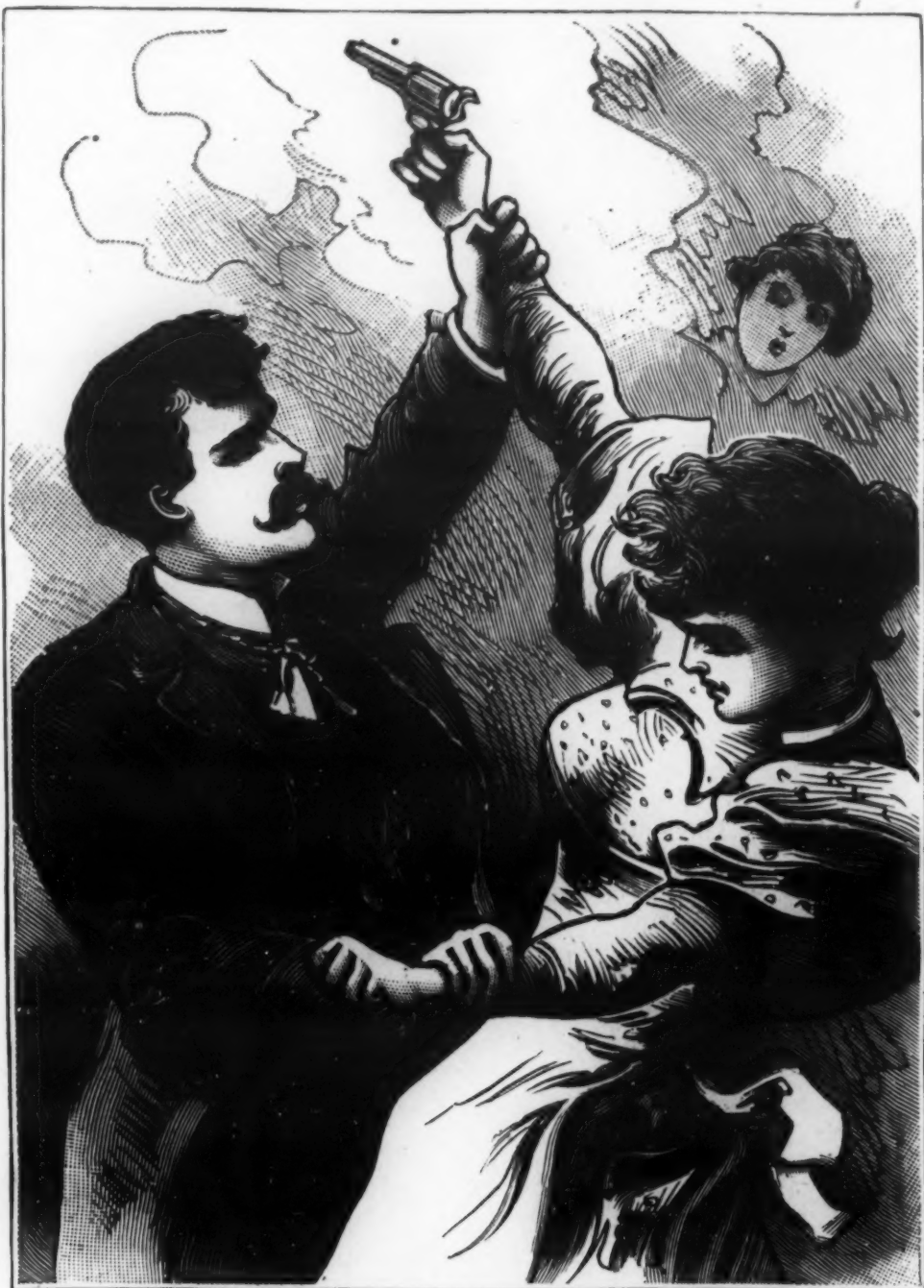
Two temperance females of Dayton, Ohio, started out one afternoon recently in quest of Sunday law violators. They had difficulty in getting into most places, but in each instance found sufficient evidence to prosecute. At a saloon opposite police headquarters the two inquisitors succeeded unnoticed in getting behind the curtained bar and grabbed a glass mug partly filled with beer, which a customer had left on the bar while liquidating the bill at a nickel-in-the-slot machine. The elder of the two women held with both hands to the beer mug, while her companion guarded the retreat to the door. Neither the amazed bartender, the owner of the beer or any of the spectators interfered. The two then exhibited the beer glass and contents at headquarters. The proprietor of the saloon from whose place the beer glass was taken says that if arrested he will retaliate with charges of petit larceny against the two female raiders on his place.

AN ORIGINAL AND THRILLING tale of love and passion, "A She Devil," No. 12 FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Price 50 cents from this office.



CHARLOTTE RAY.

SAID TO BE THE HANDSOMEST WOMAN ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



BULLETS FOR KISSES.

RUTH GORDON, AN INDIANAPOLIS SHOP GIRL, OBJECTS TO FANCIED CARESSES.



KIDNAPPED THE BRIDE.

FOR MARRYING AGAINST HER MOTHER'S WISHES A YOUNG GIRL OF ATCHISON, KAN., IS TIED UP.



SHOT AT THE SPORTS.

MOTHER BARNUM, OF FORT WAYNE, IND., HAS A SURE WAY TO SCATTER A CROWD.

JOSIE LOVED THE BOY.

She had a Husband, but That
Seemed to Make no Difference.

WHAT A DETECTIVE SAW.

Followed Them to Places Where Truly
Good Folks Ought not to Go.

NOW FOR THE DIVORCE MILL.

It doesn't always follow that a bad beginning makes a bad ending, but in this particular case, where the couple started out as a team in life under the most inauspicious circumstances, the ending to their dream of married happiness is about as sensational as anything that could happen. The woman in the first case—the one who married—was christened Josephine, and it is very likely she would never have become a public character had she not met and fallen in love with a handsome, stalwart young engineer of Hazleton, Pa. As she was pretty good-looking herself, the man courted her in very much the same way that other men court, except that he anticipated what he ought not, and she yielded where she ought to have stood firm. The subsequent developments promised to be interesting, and there would have been some very lively and spicy court proceedings for the good folks of Hazleton to read, had not the man surrendered at discretion and settled the whole business by marrying the fair Josephine. They moved to Philadelphia, where the husband secured employment in a hat factory. Everything went along nicely, and love's young dream was just beginning to be realized, when a shadow was cast over the couple's lives. In the house where they were boarding was Edward Stichter, a brakeman on the Reading Railroad. He had met with an accident while at work, and as the pretty and vivacious Josephine had nothing to employ her time during her husband's absence, she took to nursing him.

His accident consisted of a broken leg, and during the weeks that it took to heal, an intimacy, which afterwards ripened into love, sprang up. Every evening when husband John returned home, he would greet his wife with the remark:

"Well, dearie, how did you spend the day?" to which Josephine, in her charming manner, would reply:

"Oh, by nursing the boy," as she was wont to call Stichter.

This continued for some time when one day one of the boarders went to the husband and told him that he had better keep a lookout on Josie and the brakeman as they were more than loving to each other. At first the husband hesitated to believe that anything more than mutual friendship existed between his wife and the boarder until one evening he unexpectedly came across "the boy" with his arms around Josie's waist. Then he determined to look through his wife's trunk, and, it is claimed, there he found many endearing epistles addressed to Josie in "the boy's" handwriting.

This raised a rumpus which only ended by the husband ordering his wife to look out for another boarding house. This consumed several days of Josie's time during which Stichter had suddenly disappeared. About three days after the scene between husband and wife the latter announced that she had found a nice place at Eleventh and Olive streets. Their belongings were moved there and when John returned to the new boarding house he liked it very well. But a great surprise was in store for him. When he appeared at the supper table and was assigned a seat, he was alarmed by seeing Stichter, the very man he thought he had got his wife away from, sitting opposite to him. The couple went to their room after supper, when John threatened that, unless Josie should give up Stichter, he would sue for divorce. Josie declared that it was only by a most remarkable coincidence that Stichter was there, but she suggested that they move to a boarding house on Brown street above Twelfth.

This they did, but John was not satisfied that everything was at an end between his wife and the brakeman, and, as she frequently went out during the day and evening, he employed a detective to shadow them.

The latter reported that he had traced the couple one afternoon to Angola, where they went into a thick woods and remained for some time. Again he followed them on a Saturday evening to the old railroad barn at the same place, and after considerable maneuvering he managed to get up a window, when he struck a match, and found them in a compromising position. After hearing this report John separated from his wife and engaged an attorney to file a libel in divorce, which he has done. In addition to this he went before a local magistrate and swore out a warrant, charging Stichter with having unlawful relations with his wife, but the gay co-respondent has managed to keep out of the way of a constable ever since and thus avoided arrest.

ILL-TREATED BY A RUFFIAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ida Baker, eighteen years old, who lives with Daniel Madden and wife, near Walton, Ind., had an exciting experience one night recently with a strange and desperate man. Madden is very old. About 10 o'clock he

awakened Miss Baker and asked her to cross the road to a barn lot and throw a wind pump out of gear. A heavy wind was blowing at the time, and Madden was fearful that the machinery of the pump might be broken. The girl put on shoes and stockings, drew Madden's coat over her night clothes, and with a fascinator on her head left the house to perform the task. On returning she was stopped in the middle of the highway by a man who drove up. The man sprang from the buggy, seized her by the throat and, despite desperate resistance, choked her into insensibility. On regaining consciousness she lay by the roadside eight miles from home.

Summoning all her strength, she walked the entire distance to Madden's residence, and arrived at 8 o'clock the next morning. She fell unconscious at the door. It was three hours before she was able to give an account of her adventure. Her face was badly scratched, and marks of the ruffian's fingers were plainly visible on her throat.

SAMMY KELLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the hardest pugilistic battles fought recently was that between Sammy Kelly and Jack Ward which took place in Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 18. Kelly was the winner. He is a New York boy, a graduate from the amateur ranks and the winner of some pretty hard fights. He is open to meet any 115-pound lad in the world.

SAVED BY A HUMAN LADDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The fire which recently destroyed the house of Banker Keogh, at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., would have been a fatal one had it not been for the heroic work of three young men of the town. When the family were awakened the fire was in the lower part of the house, and all except two daughters managed to get out with more or less injuries.



It was very Pleasant Nursing the Boy.

One of the daughters finally made a rush through the flames, but the other was afraid and broke the window. By this time young men outside had formed a human ladder, three high, by standing on each other's shoulders, and were enabled to reach the distracted girl. She was badly cut about the body in getting out, being clad only in her nightdress.

Don't miss the Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement. Free with last number POLICE GAZETTE. If your newsdealer is out of copies send 10 cents to this office.

KIDNAPPED THE BRIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

L. Letcher and Ella Pendleton, of Atchison, Kan., were married recently without the knowledge or consent of the bride's mother. After the ceremony the bride repaired to the residence of a relative. The mother getting wind of the marriage, and the whereabouts of her daughter, sought and found her and then yanked her to her own home, and tied her to the bedstead and refused to give her up to the disconsolate bridegroom. Legal proceedings are expected to follow. Both parties to the wedding are of age.

How about it? Wasn't it a beauty? The Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement given free with last number POLICE GAZETTE.

THE HANDIEST

and most complete record of all sporting events, the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1896. Just out. 35 cents at all newsdealers or from this office.

WAS WORTH \$10 000 DEAD.

When Lemuel Pomeroy Died He
Left That Sum to Josie Hall.

SHE IS A POPULAR ACTRESS.

His Life was Insured in Her Favor Be-
cause He Fell in Love With Her.

THIS IS HER SECOND WINDFALL.

There doesn't seem to be much in a death notice, but the one which announced the end of Lemuel Pomeroy a few days ago meant just \$10,000 for Josie Hall of the "Gay Parisians" Company. Not such a tremendous legacy of course, but \$10,000 is not to be ignored in these days of hard cash, by star, chorus girl or anyone

wich, R. I., leaving a fortune estimated at \$150,000 to his three surviving children. Josie's share is said to be represented in a fine house near Central Park, now worth something like \$70,000. She was then playing in "Shenandoah," but she did not let her good fortune turn her head.

"It's Josie's luck," said the enviously disposed chorus girls. "Did you ever see such a girl?"

With increasing ill-health on the part of Mr. Pomeroy, there was a widening of the gulf between them. But his heart remained true. One day he told a friend that he had insured his life in her favor for \$10,000. He said he was not as rich as he once was, but that when he died—and he knew that death would not be long in claiming him—he wished to leave her a substantial remembrance. He kept up the payments with never-failing regularity.

As a matter of course, the young woman feels very badly about his death, but she didn't feel bad enough to attend his funeral.

HIS WIFE IN A BAWDY HOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Look out for the scorned woman.

There was probably never a finer or more exquisite revenge upon an unfaithful husband than that taken by a well-known woman of Houston, Tex., at the risk of her own name and reputation. She is the wife of a rather prominent young merchant, who has been noted for his many affairs of the heart, not only before his marriage, but since. His last break fell with crushing force upon the woman who bore his name, and when a baby had been born in the house of ill-fame, where the object of his attentions lived, she at once decided upon a bold move.

Without waiting a moment she packed into a trunk some of her finest evening dresses, and then calling a cab she and her baggage were driven to the place where her husband had spent many a night. She was admitted and after a half-hour interview with the madame she was regularly received as an inmate. Under the pretence of resting after a long journey she remained in her room for a couple of days, bribing the chambermaid to keep her informed of the men who called. At the end of her forty-eight hours wait she learned that her husband was in the parlor below. She dressed hastily and went down to the parlor. He did not see her at first, but when he did he staggered backwards.

"My God, Alice, you here?"

"Yes," she said, calmly. "I'm here. I think I have a right to be where you are."

Then a horrible thought seemed to cross his mind.

"Have you been here ever since you left home?"

"Yes," she replied, calmly.

"And you have—you have—" he stammered, confusedly.

"I have been waiting for you."

In ten minutes there was a cab at the door. In half an hour they were home, and they say now that the man is a model husband.

JOE THUM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Everybody in the bowling world knows Joe Thum, the celebrated player and room-keeper, who has probably done more to popularize the game of bowls than any other man in New York. Mr. Thum is now the manager of the Germania alleys, at 293 Bowery, New York, where the tournament of the United Bowling Clubs will be rolled for the "Police Gazette" individual championship trophy.

CHASED BY ANGRY WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Illinois Steel Company of Milwaukee, Wis., is having trouble in securing possession of the property on Jones island to which it lays claim. An attorney for the company had an exciting experience on the island a few days ago. He went there to serve notices of ejectment for the company on a number of alleged squatters. About a dozen of the wives of the fishermen, on learning his errand, pursued him and became so threatening in their actions that he was obliged to run into a fisherman's shanty for protection. A constable who was sent to the island fared no better. He was pursued by a number of women, who were armed with buckets of hot water, and he only escaped their vengeance by hiding his papers and leaving his task for some one else to complete.

JOHN W. ISHAM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John W. Isham, one of America's youngest, most ambitious and energetic theatrical managers, was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1866. He met with success at an early period, by his wise judgment, strict business principles and untiring energy. Mr. Isham has amassed a colossal fortune with his famous Octoroons, and what is most remarkable, is the fact that he has made thousands and thousands of dollars in comparatively a few months. His company, which is now touring the United States and Canada, has the universal praise of press and public, and is acknowledged as one of the few grand successes. Mr. Isham has in active preparation a \$20,000 production entitled John W. Isham's "Oriental America," which greets the world next season.

J. B. SHEERE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

They play good pool out in Arizona judging from the outcome of a tournament recently held at the Bodega rooms at Phoenix, of which, by the way, J. P. Kreber is the proprietor. The winner of the tournament proved to be J. B. Sheere, who thus becomes champion of the State. He thinks he can play pool with anybody in the West and is ready to back himself for a goodly sum.

THE SUBTLE TRICKS

of the gambler exposed in "Raccarat," No. 4 FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. By a celebrated Parisian writer. Illustrated throughout. Price 50 cents from this office.

Early in December, 1893, Miss Hall's father, Albert A. Hall, died at the family homestead in East Green-

SHE PUNCHED HIM GOOD.

Then the Ungallant Man Had her
Arrested for Hitting Him.

A KANSAS CITY NEW WOMAN

Conducts a Funny Kind of a Business
and Does Her Own Bouncing.

SHE CALLS PUNCHES "SWATS."

The new woman question has become such a burning one that man, poor, ignorant, unsophisticated man, is compelled to acknowledge the existence of a new race of beings. It has been a hard long fight, but the person in the trousers has been compelled to fly the white flag of truce at last and to admit that the new woman is the best thing going. As a result new women, with all sorts of new ideas, are springing up all over the country and doing the most remarkable things—for woman—that man ever heard. There are some who are actually marrying other women, and while there is no doubt but that they are the victims of a perverted sexual instinct, yet the fact remains that they are usurping a very valuable and fertile field.

But to the story itself.

This is a Kansas City new woman, and she has shown so far that she is perfectly able and willing to take care of herself in the affairs of life. It doesn't make any difference what her name is, but the fact remains that she has put herself on record in an undeniably strong manner. She keeps a store on Main street. "A watch for thirty cents" is the alluring sign that attracts trade to her store, which is filled with a collection of goods—everything from a paper of pins to the already mentioned watch for thirty cents. It is a novel business this, conducted by the fairly good looking woman. Everybody is supposed to get their money's worth who patronizes her. It's an all-round game of chance, "with no blanks," though a man stands a better show of being struck by lightning than getting the "watch for thirty cents." The array of merchandise is divided into departments, each department being designated by a certain letter. Those who go against the game are first expected to deposit a nickel for the privilege of drawing a sealed envelope. In these envelopes are slips of card board on which are printed the letters of the alphabet to correspond with the departments.

When the purchaser of an envelope draws a letter he is entitled to any article in the department his letter calls for, on payment of twenty-five cents. Should he not be satisfied with any article in the collection in his department he has the privilege of selecting a pencil, paper of pins or any other article that his fancy may choose from a counter where the ticket for which he paid a nickel is redeemed. It is stated in low tone that once on a time a man who was the seventh son of a seventh son, born on a Friday, just as a new moon became visible, won a watch. This is not positively authenticated, however, and no case of a building falling on anybody has been recently reported.

When a Kansas City citizen went up against the game two or three evenings ago, he was made as sad as a funeral when he discovered that he had not drawn a ticket to the watch department. He vented his chagrin in a sarcastic manner and said some things he ought not to have said.

"All of the goods you see here are triple-plated silverware."

"Get out," replied the citizen. "It's pure brass."

"The only brass in this place is on the other side of the counter," responded the new woman with ready repartee, "and it has some connection with you."

"You are a liar," came from the citizen. Then, with her good right new woman's hand, the female landed on his jaw and chin, and neck. She hit him so fast and so hard that he didn't have time to recover, but actually went yelling from the store. He came back with his brother and offered to fight. The result of it was the new woman was arrested. She was taken before Judge Jones, where, to use her own language, she admitted she had "swatted" him.

"I am nothing but a woman, Judge," she said, as she smiled sweetly, and then the judge, melting under that wondrous beam, discharged her.

HUGH R. STEELE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Steele is the head of the most wonderful town in the country to-day, and where five years ago there were only grazing cattle and a lonely ranch house, there is to-day a big town, with some thousands of population. The people are all after gold. There is gold by the tons. The hills are filled with it. It glistens in almost every upturned sod. It sparkles in every piece of rock that comes from the shafts of the mines. It has enriched hundreds of poor men, and it bids fair to make hundreds of rich ones paupers. It sets a pace that has never been equalled since the palmy days of Leadville. It has made a town in a month. It has turned this once quiet and lonely mountain valley into the liveliest place in the West. Its mines are the richest in the world. They are richer than the old prospectors of the State ever dreamed of finding. They are producing

more gold than the whole of West Australia. This is the El Dorado.

It needs a remarkable man to look after the interests of a town like that, a man of ideas, nerve and stamina. That is the principal reason why Mr. Steele was selected. He is a man in whom the mining element have great trust and confidence, and it is due to him that Cripple Creek is swinging along in line to be a great place some one of these days—greater and better than it is now.

MEANS JUST WHAT IT SAYS.

TOWN OF CRIPPLE CREEK,
J. W. MARSHALL,
Chief of Police and Marshal.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., Jan. 13, 1896.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have received a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE containing my portrait and a sketch of my life. They please me very much, and are both up to the usual high standard of the GAZETTE. Any courtesy I can extend in reciprocation will be cheerfully given by yours sincerely,

J. W. MARSHALL.

THEY WERE MODELS OF BEAUTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The folks of Cincinnati, Ohio, have always claimed for their city the prettiest and most vivacious girls of the country, and declared that when it came to a question of form and figure the Porcupine maidens could give the rest of these United States not only aces but spades and still beat them. That at least the Cincinnati girls are all right was demonstrated recently when a well known young broker took occasion to call upon the "only girl in the world for him"—the one he is engaged to. Her first name is Mary, but the members of the family and her intimates call her "Puss" affectionately. His name is Frank and when he was admitted into the drawing-room by the trim maid there was nothing in the surroundings to indicate that anything unusual was about to occur. He had been waiting for about ten minutes when the portiers were suddenly swung apart and there cavorted into his presence "Puss" and her sister in all the glory of full tights. They danced about for a moment



Could Punch as Good as a Man.

and then retreated as suddenly as they came. For half an hour the young man was left to his bewildered thoughts and then "Puss" demurely entered again, this time clothed in her usual dress. She sat down beside him, and according to his story, asked him what he thought of her in tights. His answer has never been recorded, but it is a very significant fact that the wedding will take place immediately instead of in the spring.

It has been suggested that "Puss" donned the costume simply for the sake of hurrying up matters a little.

Don't miss the Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement. Free with last number POLICE GAZETTE. If your newsdealer is out of copies send 10 cents to this office.

JERRY MARSHALL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known pugilists now before the public is Jerry Marshall, who is matched to fight George Dixon near El Paso, Texas, on Feb. 17, for the feather-weight championship of the world. Marshall is a New Yorker by birth but emigrated to Australia at the age of ten, and his pugilistic career began in that country. He is a clever boxer and will give Dixon a hard battle.

A CHARMING NOVEL.

Abounding in thrilling situations. "The Demi-Monde of Paris," NO. 7, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Profusely illustrated. Price, 50 cents, from this office.

BELLE AND THE PROFESSOR.

He had Her Arrested in Boston
on a Rather Curious Charge.

MISS CLINTON IS DEFIANT.

Declares the Music Teacher Responsible
for Her Condition.

THERE WILL BE A BABY SOON.

"The Check for One Thousand; or, The Young Belle and the Old Professor," would be a fitting title for the roaring farce-comedy that was presented to a large

"Won't you let me fill one out?" I said. "Certainly," and she filled it out and I signed it. She did it in her kittenish way, and I was not suspicious of her. She put the check in her stocking.

"The day after I gave her the check I went to the bank to see about it, for it struck me like thunder that the woman had raised the check. Then I learned that she had drawn \$1,000."

The professor was then excused in order to fetch this letter which he received from Miss Clinton:

Boston, January 17.

DEAR JOHN: I found it impossible to have an operation performed as I told you I would. I have had an interview with the detectives you sent after me. How could you dare to do that? You ought to know me better than to think I would stand by and let you carry out your schemes. Remember me as of old, and if you care anything for me or the child of whom you are the father, don't, for my sake, get yourself in such trouble. It is foolish of you to dream of getting back the money you gave me, so let everything pass. Remember, too, I have proofs, and will use them. You understand more thoroughly now how determined I am, so be careful. I have told the detectives all there is to be told. Furthermore, if you want to see me for any reason, come here to me, or send me the money and I will come and see you. Anything will suit me, and if you want to have me arrested, as you suggested at their hands, do so. I will help you by coming to New York and putting myself in the hands of the police or anybody else. You will recognize me as the same Belle Clinton of old, fearless and defying everybody.

BELLE CLINTON.

South End P. O., Boston, Mass.

On the back of this letter Durege had written:

Only this. I will be more miserable than I ever have been before. Life without you is not worth living for me. It is for you to make me the happiest man in the world or an outcast or otherwise. You can only decide. What will you do? Will you let me know by letter? Decide my fate! If you know how much I have suffered for your sake you would have pitied me. If there was no ———, I have not. You told ———.

"What did you mean by writing that?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, she was continually in my mind. It was sort of mind reading or talking to myself," was the reply.

He admitted that he had introduced the woman as his wife. He had also been engaged in a flirtation with a Miss Georgiana March in Philadelphia.

Miss Clinton will be a mother in a month or so, and she says that when the baby is born the old professor will be a father.

PEDLAR PALMER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every follower of ring happenings in America is familiar with the name of Pedlar Palmer, the hard hitting young Englishman who recently defeated Billy Plimmer for the bantamweight championship of the world. Palmer has just arrived in this country and is booked for a six-round encounter with Geo. Dixon at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Jan. 30. He will do no fighting while in this country but will probably be matched to box Jimmy Barry in London some time this Spring.

LET'S GO.

BUI.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ruth Gordon, a clerk in L. S. Ayers' dry goods store, Indianapolis, Ind., made an attempt to shoot one of the male employees, the head of the department in which she worked, recently. The girl asserted that he had threatened to kiss her. She had brought the revolver to work with her and had evidently premeditated the deed. None of the bullets took effect

although she fired at the man point blank; he knocked the weapon aside. He is a trusted employee and there was no foundation for the charges. The girl is undoubtedly of unsound mind. She is prostrated with nervousness and it is feared she will become insane.

How about it? Wasn't it a beauty? The Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement given free with last number POLICE GAZETTE.

CHARLOTTE RAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are a great many beautiful women on the stage to-day for the simple reason that good looks are as much a stock in trade as talent. Among those who are so far above the ordinary as to cause remark is Charlotte Ray. She is a vaudeville artist, and as the creator of a burlesque on the "New Woman" has made an extraordinary success.

SHOT AT THE SPORT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About two o'clock one morning a few days ago, five Ft. Wayne, Ind., sports, while out for a time, called at Mother Barnum's roadhouse and raised a disturbance. Mrs. Barnum ordered them away and slammed the door in the face of one of them. His nose was almost torn off. The boys then forced the door in and Mrs. Barnum seized a revolver and fired toward the boys. There were trails of blood from the house on the snow. The physicians in charge of the wounded young men refuse to reveal their identity or where they are having their wounds dressed. Mrs. Barnum has not been arrested.

The Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement number of POLICE GAZETTE can be had at all newsdealers or from this office, 10 cents.

BARE LEGS ARE FASHIONABLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The most prominent sport in Florida this winter is shrimping, and everybody who now visits that section goes in for it. Down on the white beach at Apalachicola the shrimping is done at a reef that lies about a mile off the hotel's shore, where bath houses stand, and to which, when the tide is low, a catboat will only carry one half the way.

Bare legs and bare feet are the rule, and it is said the exhibitions of anatomy are worth going miles to see. The sport will be popular as long as the bathing dresses are short enough.

THE AMOURS OF A SOUTHERNER.

"A Guilty Love," NO. 6, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A story full of excitement and pleasure. Price, 50 cents, from this office.



GRABBED THE GLASS OF BEER.

TWO TEMPERANCE WOMEN OF DAYTON, O., GO ON A SUCCESSFUL RAID FOR EVIDENCE.



CHASED BY ANGRY WOMEN.

A MILWAUKEE LAWYER WITH A WRIT MOBBED BY FISHWOMEN ON JONES ISLAND.



BARE LEGS ARE FASHIONABLE.

YOUNG WOMEN OF APALACHICOLA, FLA., TAKE KINDLY TO THE FRENCH
SPORT OF SHRIMPING FOR CERTAIN GOOD REASONS.

IN FISTIANA'S REALM.

Dan Stuart's Carnival Promises
to be a Big Success.

TO LEGISLATE FOR BOXING.

Pugilistic Critics Censure Jim Hall for
His Faking Propensities.

WHERE THE MANAGER COMES IN.

As the eventful time approaches the patrons of the ring all over the country are planning for the big "assembly" at El Paso. The plans for the carnival of fistio sport projected by Dan Stuart have been completed and everything is now in readiness for what promises to go down upon the pages of pugilistic history as the greatest event of its kind ever promoted. Stuart has laid his plans so carefully that it is difficult to see where a hitch can occur and if he brings off his great show he must be put down in future as the strongest backer of "the opposition" the ring has had or is likely to have; and it has not been altogether bullheadedness. In fact, the chief move, seeming to point to his ultimate success in his latest endeavor, is his strategy in keeping the actual point of meeting from all. With supreme confidence, backed by posted money, he has bid ring followers from everywhere meet him at a certain day in El Paso, whence they will depart quickly to the meeting ground. Assurances have been given that there will be no interference and that the fights will be pulled off on the dates specified. There is a businesslike ring in everything that has been done. The signing of the principals in the big fight was accomplished without any sensational accompaniments, the money was put up as agreed. At the time appointed for subsequent proceedings everybody was on hand and prepared to do business. The referee has been selected, a man mutually agreeable to the principals, in whom the public also has confidence; a final stakeholder has been chosen and Stuart has assured the principals that on the day agreed upon he will place in his custody the full amount of the purse. Thus far the programme has been carried out without a break and there is no reason for believing that Stuart will not fulfill all his obligations.

Five fistio fights have been arranged and the very best available fistio talent will participate in them. Little, if anything, more than this can be said.

Reports from the betting centres speak of lively speculation on the fistio events. Betting on the fights is quite lively in El Paso. In the principal event Fitzsimmons is a slight favorite. A bet of \$1,100 to \$1,000 on Fitzsimmons was made the other day. It is understood that there will be big money in El Paso from Pittsburgh to back Maher about the 1st of February. It is even money on Everhardt and Leeds, and small odds are offered on Dixon and Walcott. Should Maher win, however, his party will go broke on Marshall, and there will be plenty of Texas money to play Bright Eyes, though Walcott is the favorite. In the Barry-Murphy fight things are about even. The best man that Barry has met is Caspar Leon, whom he twice defeated. At the same time, the form shown by Barry points to the conclusion that he is a top notcher. Murphy has the credit of a twenty-five round drawn battle with Billy Plimmer in 1894, a very creditable achievement. It remains to be seen if Murphy has retained his form. On the whole, the contest should be a remarkably interesting one, with the result a problem. All these battles will take place in the daytime, starting about noon.

"Mysterious" Billy Smith, to use a phrase more eloquent than elegant, "copied a sneak" on Ryan, Lavigne and Walcott by slipping quietly away to England and thereby getting the first crack at Dick Burge. While the trio named contented themselves with corresponding with the English champion, discussing the possibilities and probabilities of a match and the amount of money they ought to receive for expenses, the wily Boston lad said nothing but packing his grip sailed away without so much as a good-bye. Being on the spot, and consequently in a position to talk business, gives him an advantage over his jealous contemporaries and smooths the way for a match. It is doubtful now if either of the others will hazard the journey to play second fiddle to Smith.

In view of the liberal character of the anti-prize fighting bill now before the New York State Legislature, I don't see how anything else can be done than to extend our congratulations to the gentleman who has labored so energetically to elevate boxing to a place beside honest racing, honest baseball, honest athletics and kindred sport. Last year Mr. Horton's bill was too radical in its treatment of the sport. It characterized as a misdemeanor the act of two friends donning a set of boxing gloves for a scientific bout. A bill so sweeping in its character merited defeat. The new bill which Mr. Horton has fathered and which has the endorsement of everybody who favors honest sport, provides as follows:

"A person who, within this State, engages in, instigates, aids, encourages, or does any act to further a contention, or fight, without weapons between two or more persons; or a fight commonly called a ring or prize fight, either within or without the State, or who engages in a public or private sparring exhibition with or without gloves, within the State, at which an admission fee is charged or received, either directly or indirectly, or who sends or publishes a challenge for such a contention, exhibition or fight, or carries or delivers such a challenge or acceptance, or trains or assists any person in training or preparing for such contention, exhibition or fight, is guilty of a misdemeanor. It is provided, however, that sparring exhibitions with gloves of not less than four ounces each in weight may be held in a building owned by an incorporated athletic association."

In defending the measure it is needless to say more than that some law ought to be enacted to prevent promiscuous individuals and irresponsible clubs from holding contests which should more correctly be called prize fights. These individuals and clubs employ fighters of unknown quality to entertain people who pay exorbitant fees with the understanding that they shall witness a prize fight. The belligerents are ignorant of everything appertaining to the science of boxing and fight with one object in view, that of defeating their opponents in the face of most awful consequences. It is to this fact that prize fighting has been responsible for the deaths that have brought the ring into disrepute, and something ought to be done to prevent a repetition of what has already occurred. Brutality should be eliminated from the game. Scientific, clever men are plentiful enough nowadays, and money is not so over abundant that the projectors of fistio encounters can get them for what they pay the dubs and clowns of the profession.

Such organizations as the New York, Manhattan and Empire Athletic Clubs, of New York, the Eureka, of Baltimore, the Suffolk, of Boston, the Cleveland, of Cleveland, O., the Olympic, of New Orleans, are perpetuating a good work and the matchmakers of those clubs are doing creditable service towards elevating the sport every time they engage the services of experienced, scientific boxers to give an exhibition. Mr. Horton, who framed the bill referred to, was carefully coached regarding the wants of the people who patronize the sport. Boxing given under the conditions provided by the proposed new law cannot but be beneficial. It does away with prize fights, eliminates the tough element which patronizes them, boxing merits the attention besides of the best people of the community and establishes the sport upon a sound healthy footing. The fact that the leading athletic clubs of the metropolis, composed

of well known and reputable people in every walk of life, endorse and encourage boxing, both as a medium for exercise and entertainment, ought to be sufficient to prejudice our lawmakers in favor of a bill that eliminates all that is bad in the game and gives us all that is good. By all means do away with brutal prize fighting, but of scientific boxing under good management and proper restrictions we cannot get too much.

So much for a bad reputation!

Jim Hall now realizes what it means to be in bad repute with the public. The mistake he made away back in the early days of his pugilistic career when he entered into an agreement with Rob Fitzsimmons to hippodrome a fight must come back to him now with a forcible conviction that he did wrong. The way he, Mitchell and others "through it into" the dead Squire at New Orleans two years ago has not been forgotten by the public, neither has that fake bout with Peter Maher in Boston last Spring been overlooked. Hall sowed the wind, he is now reaping a whirlwind.

The local writers on pugilistic topics have been untrusting in their efforts to inspire a sentiment that Hall purposely laid down to Choyanski in their bout at Maspeth, Long Island, last week. Some have even gone so far as to say in forcible language that he showed cowardice and quit under punishment. They base their argument about a prearranged result upon Hall's failure to deliver a knockout punch in the ninth round when he had the Californian so weak that only a push was needed to send him over. If it were only known Hall was even then the weaker of the two but had an advantage at that in being in full possession of his mental faculties while his opponent was so dazed from being knocked down that he could not possibly have realized anything. Hall acted as if he knew what was required of him when he put up his left hand to steady the Californian for a knockout punch on the jaw with his right. The ability to land that blow was lacking. Three times he got his right hand drawn back to deliver it, but he had not the strength to let it go. A flash of reason broke in upon Choyanski's clouded mentality before Hall could regain the power to use his right effectively, and he saved himself by clinching until the gong was sounded. Hall's weakness was the direct result of Choyanski's body punches. They were more effective upon a man who has dissipated as much as Hall has, and whose stomach was consequently weak, than all the face and jaw punches. In Hall's weakened condition Choyanski should have defeated him in the second round. Being stronger and better prepared for rough work his plan was to go in and mix matters rather than to stand off and fight at long range, at which style he knew Hall had an advantage, being 50 per cent more clever in the use of his hands. He proved this beyond a doubt by the easy manner in which he would step in and jab Choyanski in the face with his left every time he used it. The latter tried to reach the Australian's jaw any number of times without success until the belly punches began to weaken him when he dropped his guard and gave Choyanski the opening he desired.

There is no use in trying to ignore the fact that Hall outclassed Choyanski as a boxer and had the condition of the two men been even he would have beaten the latter. It was just the difference between a man who allows his inclination for liquor and kindred dissipations to run riot, and one who has never known what it was to be dominated by a vice. To say that Hall quit and deliberately laid down is as ridiculous as the statement of a prearranged result



Peter Maher's Training Quarters at Las Cruces, N. M.

is absurd. He fought as long as his vitality lasted and when that was exhausted he was an easy man to beat.

Choyanski's victory over Hall gives Steve

O'Donnell a chance to re-enter the ring, and I understand that Matchmaker Jim Kennedy, of the Empire Club is negotiating a match. A bout between these two men ought to be an exceedingly interesting event. O'Donnell's defeat by Peter Maher was neither satisfactory or conclusive. He is credited with being an unusually clever boxer and ring tactician, but it is a fact that Maher's chance came so quickly after the bout began that the Australian was never able to show to what extent he possessed those qualities. He and Choyanski ought to put up a great battle.

And so Jimmy Anthony has returned to Cali-

fornia, en route to Australia; perhaps returned without a fight, and a chance to show the Eastern critics anything of his quality. His was a peculiar case and one that should be a warning to the pugilist with managerial aspirations. The fact has been demonstrated often enough that the most successful fighters are those who place their business affairs in the keeping of an astute manager who has a facility for getting work for his protegee. There is something more in the pugilistic game than stepping into a ring to fight. There are a hundred and one details that the pugilist has not the ability to attend to even if he had the time, and there is where the able impresario comes in. Managerial talent comes high but it is one of the necessities of the game, and the pugilist who at the outset of his career, accepts counsel from a careful man of business is usually successful, that is, of course, if he has the pugilistic quality behind him, although I have known men who were absolutely lacking in this quality, being doomed into prominence by energetic work on the part of an able manager, while really capable men have been forced into retirement because they were unwilling to pay for the luxury of one.

I might as well say here in defense of my article that I am not ambitious to acquire distinction as a director of pugilistic destinies. I tried once to be a manager, and—what was the use of talking about our failures and shortcomings?

Anthony, during his sojourn in the East, was handicapped by having an idea that everybody was a "sucker" but himself. He could make his own matches, he could do his own training, he could do his own fighting, and the result was that he did nothing. I haven't a doubt but that if he had gone the right way about it, he could have found plenty of work to do, for despite the poor showing he made in a couple of limited round bouts here, I am satisfied from looking over his record that he must be a good boy in a finish encounter. A careful manager could have made money for both.

SAM AUSTIN.

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MONEY TO BET BOTH WAYS.

Information comes here from El Paso, Tex., that both Fitzsimmons and Maher are at their respective training quarters getting ready for the big fight which takes place on Feb. 14. A correspondent writing from Juarez, Mexico, where the former now is, says that at present Fitzsimmons is adhering closer to his well-defined rules than ever before, and his appearance is ample proof of this assertion. Fitz takes plenty of sleep, as well as plenty of food, but offsets these with his tremendous physical work. His usual hour for rising is 7 o'clock, and except on rare occasions he gets into bed at 8 in the evening.

His first duties after arising are with his pet lion, Nero, to which he devotes an hour of romping and frolicsome play. At about 8 the Australian takes breakfast, which is always prepared by Mrs. Fitzsimmons. The meal consists of eggs, chops and dry toast. Bob does not, however, confine himself strictly to this diet, but eats usually without reserve such dishes as he most relishes.

Two hours are spent after the morning meal in reading the papers and answering such mail as is received. At 10 o'clock the pugilist, accompanied by Martin Julian, starts for a run through the country, usually covering from fifteen to twenty miles. A rub-down follows, then a light lunch and rest until 5 o'clock, when work at the training quarters begins.

The bag is first pushed for twenty rounds, and then fifteen four-minute rounds are sparred with the several trainers and attendants. The "medicines" ball is tossed for twenty minutes, and then a turn is taken at the wrist and chest machine. The routine work closes with wrestling bouts.

After quitting the gymnasium Fitz is given a hot bath and a

unpremeditated, and a machete or six-shooter cuts most of the leg. Bull fighting, however, is against the Mexican law. As the people are determined to have these encounters, they take place. The managers of the affairs are stood beforehand, which fine is exacted in lieu of a license. The Maher-Fitzsimmons match is to be pulled off in the regular bull-fighting arena of Juarez. Dan Stuart and the rest of them will be fined before a blow is struck. Then the dance will go on. The fine—or license, whatever you choose to phrase it—is \$500 of Mexican money, which is \$250 of our money. It is cheap enough. Stuart knows what he is about.

Seats have been built about the bull ring, running down nearly to the space reserved for the squared circle, and thence upward in tiers to the high roof. They will seat about 20,000 people, and every one of them will be taken. Even now visitors are coming in. There will be plenty of lookers-on from as far south as the City of Mexico. The railroads have made exceptional rates.

The success of this affair, and it will be a success if the men do not flunk, means Mexico as the future scene of big American fights.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Tommy Creed, of Brooklyn, expects to return to his old love, the prize ring, just as soon as he can get on a match at 120 or 122 pounds.

Johnny Lavack, of Cleveland, has accepted the terms of the Suffolk A. C., of Boston, for a 12-round contest with Billy Smith, to be decided Feb. 10.

Amateur boxers will do well not to compete in boxing shows not sanctioned by the Amateur Athletic Union. Competition in unsanctioned tournaments is equivalent to suspension.

Sam Tonkins, the Astoria lightweight, and Tommy Kelly, better known as the "Hoboken Cyclone," will box six rounds at catch weights before the Astoria Athletic Club on Feb. 21.

Dan A. Stuart offers to back T. F. Gork in a rifle or shotgun contest for any amount from \$1,000 to \$5,000, the contest to take place at the pugilistic carnival to be held in Mexico next month.

The Yonkers, N. Y., Athletic Club will give a boxing show on the evening of February 7. On that occasion Marty McCue will meet Marty Delaney, and Jim Holmes will be pitted against Joe Harmon.

Capt. James Lawlor, of Houston, Tex., who was recently appointed stakeholder of the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight, is very sick with pneumonia at his rooms in the Lawlor Hotel. His friends have doubts as to his recovery.

Billy Ernst, of New York, knocked out Joe Flaherty, of Lowell, last Tuesday evening before the Lynn, Mass., Athletic Association, in the ninth round. The men weighed 133 pounds. Ernst was the stronger from the start and the harder hitter.

An "unknown" has hurled a challenge to Fred Johnson, the English featherweight. It appears that the "unknown" is no other than Willie Smith, who is at present matched to box George Dixon at London. Smith is ready to box Johnson at 118 pounds.

Jimmy Barry, the Chicago bantamweight pugilist, and Johnny Murphy, of Boston, have been matched to fight a finish in Mexico next month. The incentive is a purse of \$2,500, of which the loser will receive \$500. The little fellows will battle at 115 pounds.

Eddie Curry is to have a chance against Bill Brierty, the English featherweight, who recently arrived in this country. Curry signed articles on Monday to meet Brierty before the Suffolk A. C., of Boston, on Feb. 10. The pair will box 10 rounds at catch weights.

Charley Roden, the Jersey City boxer, who flunked out of his match with Caspar Leon, which was to have been decided in the New York Athletic Club last month, was made another offer a few days ago to meet Leon before the Corona A. C., but he declined. Harry Myers will probably be secured to meet Leon.

Stanton Abbott and Leslie C. Pearce, the Philadelphia lightweight, have signed articles of agreement to box 15 rounds at Music Hall, Boston, under Aldermanic license, on Feb. 4. Pearce defeated Abbott in 20 rounds in Boston last June, and the decision was a matter of dispute over the decision brought about the new match.

Sammy Myers writes: "I am not satisfied with the decision that Caspar Leon received over me in our 4-round contest at Mike Donovan's benefit in New York. I am anxious to meet Leon in a 10 or 15-round bout, and am confident that I can defeat him. I am willing to meet Leon any time to arrange a match."

A new fistio organization has been started in London, and according to all accounts it bids fair to outline the National Sporting or the Hollingbroke Clubs. The name of the new club is the Adelpi and it will hold a series of boxing competitions next month. The club expects to bid for some of the big fistio events in the near future.

Sammy Kelly called at the "Police Gazette" office recently for the purpose of trying to arrange a match with Johnny Murphy or Jimmy Barry, in case either of them refused to fight for the purse of \$2,500 which has been offered by Dan Stuart. Kelly, however, was disappointed, as both boys have already agreed to meet for the purse.

The recently organized Paterson Athletic Club will hold a boxing tournament in the Opera House, in that city, on Feb. 24. The principal attractions will be an 8-round bout at catch weights between Dick Baker, of New York, and Charley Strong, of Newark, middleweight pugilists, and Dan O'Connor and James O'Connor, featherweight pugilists.

Matchmaker Kennedy of the Empire Athletic Club, has arranged a match between Charley McKeever, of Philadelphia, and Young Griffin. They will fight twenty rounds, Feb. 10. This should be a very good contest. McKeever defeated Arthur Valentine, the English champion, and also made very short work of the much talked of Owen Ziegler.

The Queens County Grand Jury convened in Long Island City the other day. It is said that the Choyanski-Hall contest in Maspeth on Monday evening will come up before that body. Arant Joseph Briton, of the Comstock Society, says instead of being a scientific affair, the contest was simply a prize fight. He wants everybody connected with the club indicted.

Alf Snelling, who is in this country with Fedlar Palmer, is a well-known bookmaker. Snelling is reputed to be worth lots of money and is a sportsman to the core. He thinks that Palmer is invincible, but will not allow him to engage in any contest of endurance in this country. Upon their arrival the English pair were banqueted by several well known New York sporting men.

Frank Kelly, who now has charge of Denver Ed Smith's interests, says that he will have Smith at the ringside to challenge the winner of the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight. Kelly wanted Smith to challenge Choyanski after the Californian's victory over Hall, but Smith refused, saying that he classed himself higher. Kelly intimates that he will have no difficulty in finding backing for Smith.

Steve O'Donnell is anxious to meet Joe Choyanski in four or six weeks in a 25-round contest before the club offering the largest purse. He has applied to Jim Kennedy, of the Empire A. C., to give him the opportunity. O'Donnell is willing to let the winner take the gross receipts, or he will meet Choyanski in a 4 or 6-round bout at the Madison Square Garden, or fight him to a finish in private for a stake.

A dispatch appeared in the Boston papers recently stating that John T. Griffin, the Braintree Lad, is confined in the Massachusetts Asylum for the Insane. Griffin was seen at his home in Braintree subsequently, and expressed himself as far from pleased when he read the story. For a month prior to Nov. 13 he was a patient at the Carney Hospital in South Boston, where he underwent a critical surgical operation, having the drum removed from his left ear. He stated that several years ago, while bathing, a pebble lodged in his ear, causing him much trouble and resulting in abscesses forming. Just prior to his fight with Dixon last summer, and immediately after that event, he was under a physician's care from this cause.

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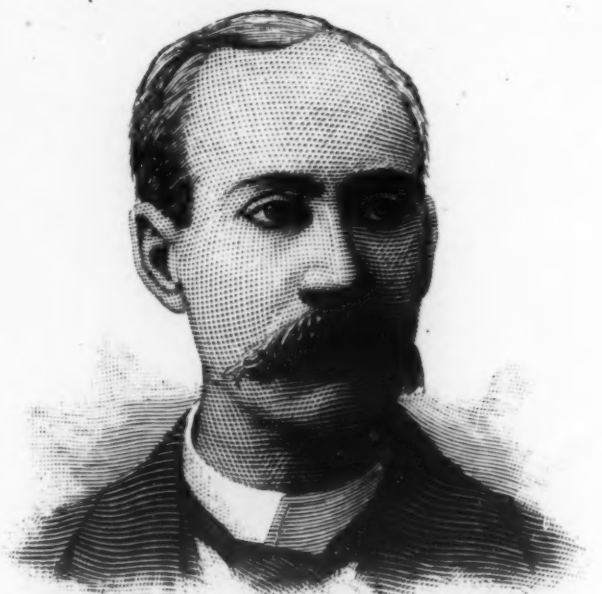
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BANKER KEOGH'S DAUGHTER RESCUED FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH AT STURGEON BAY, WIS.



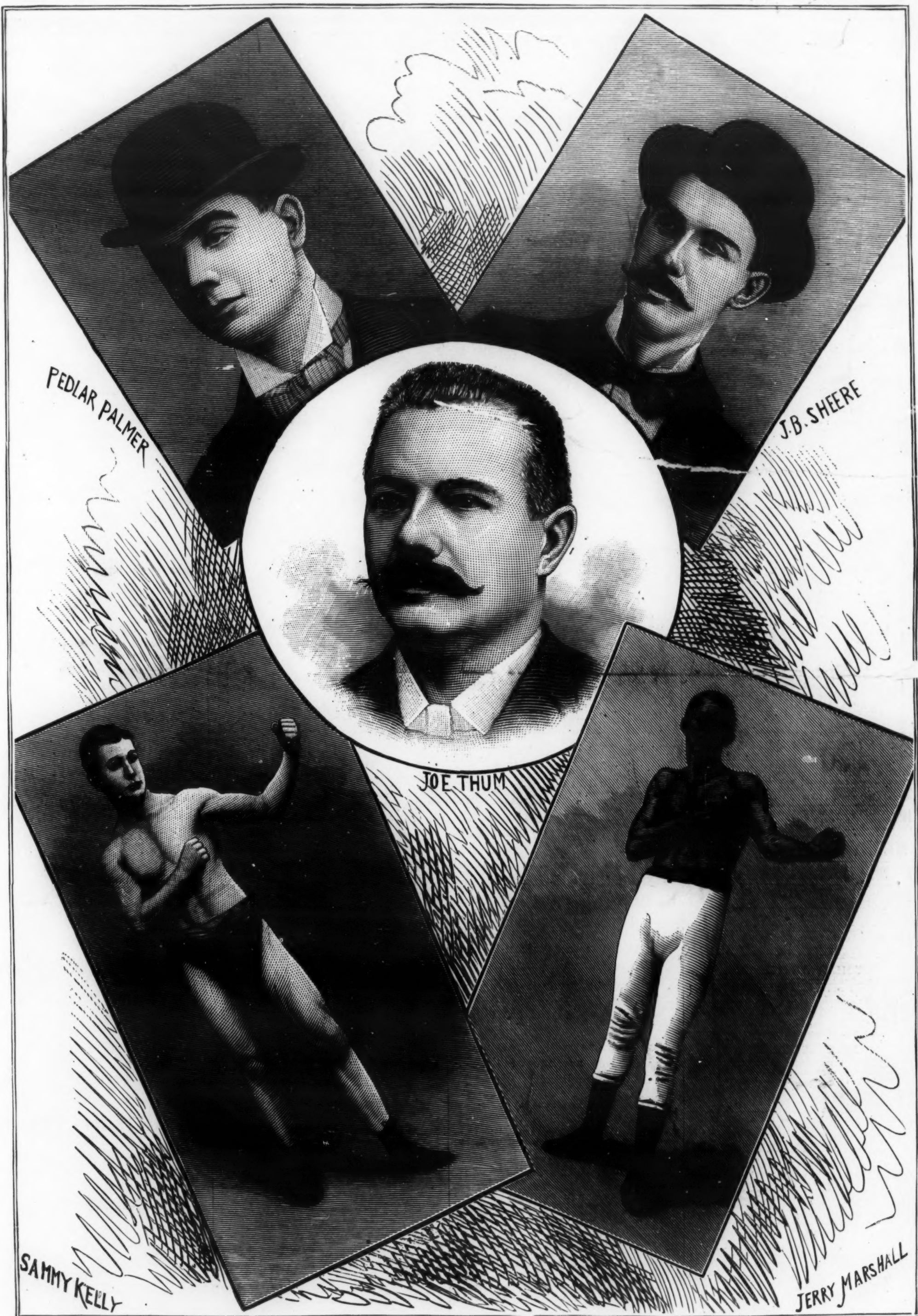
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Jennie Moore—tights



Miss Johnston—tights
Grace Huntley—tights
Amelia Glover—costume
Mlle. Elven—costume
Mlle. De Courty—tights
Mlle. D'Alencon—t and b
Essie Clinton—tights

Florence Baker—tights
Lilly Burnard—tights
Addie Conyers—tights
Mlle. Dupont—tights
Theresa Fonsica—tights
Mlle. Gaeger—t and b
Sarah Holmes—bust
Ollie Lewis—tights

Anna Mantel—tights
Jennie Phillips—costume
Gertrude Reynolds—cos.
Florence St. John—cos.
Camille Townsend—cos.
Eunice Vance—tights
Maud Waldemere—tights

Fannie Wentworth—tights
Mabel Runnels—tights
Miss Miller—tights
Mlle. Louison—tights
Lotta Hollywood—cos.
Mlle. Fearlie—bust
Zelle De Lussan—costume

Nellie Clarke—costume
Genevieve Brett—tights
Julia Calhoun—tights
Mlle. Demeah—tights
Maggie Garret—tights
Luis Hughes—costume
Ella La Tour—tights

Mary Moore—costume
Annetta Phillips—tights
Lillie Richardson—tights
Annie Sutherland—tights
Edith Wright—tights



Maggie Mitchell—bust
Mlle. Lefevre—bust
Nellie Handley—tights
Elsie Gray—tights
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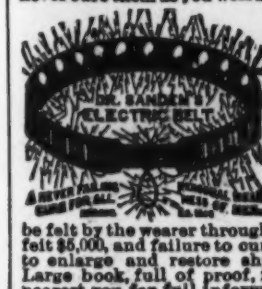
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